"No...that's impossible," Kirk whisper-shouted, the color draining from his face. He began to struggle as denial set in. This game was no longer a game, but a reality of its own. His body was responding far beyond the script his mind had written. Kirk was caught in his own trap now. Panic-stricken, he fought to pull away. "That's impossible..." he repeated, "...impossible!"

"On the contrary," Spock shook his head, smiling faintly, "I leave you no choice, Jim." With that, he lowered his mouth to the human's, marveling at how easily his tongue glided between the cool lips. Surprised Kirk hadn't fought it more, not terribly surprised to find him responding.

Kirk felt himself slumping against the Vulcan's chest, horrified and aroused as he felt himself spun out of time. Spock was moving into his mind now, just as he had before. Without a formal meld, yet just as strong. Just as frightening. Just as erotic. It was as if the Vulcan knew exactly the proper frequency, the precise wave lengths to follow. He entered Kirk's thoughts darkly, powerfully, demanding submission from his prey. And the the long fingers settled on the human's face to complete the eerie union.

No resistance left, Kirk opened his mouth willingly to the Vulcan, giving himself over to his conqueror. He felt his legs buckle under his own weight, and then he was falling to the carpeted floor. Spock's arms tightened around him, lifted him, and carried him to the bed. He opened his eyes to see the Vulcan's expression and felt a delicious, chilling thrill at the primitive hunger he saw there, the rising of the demon, the beast.

Spock lowered them onto the bed, then slowly leaned back amid the plush pillows, drawing Kirk down on top of him. A gentle trap. He had removed his hands from the human's face, but the meld lingered still, like an eternity of its own. Alive, feeding back and forth between them.

Kirk's arms went around the hot back, clinging desperately to his captor, his fingernails digging deep into the pliant flesh. There were no words to be said. He felt Spock's leg parting his thighs, the soft black boots an exciting contrast to the tender flesh of his buttocks. It excited him and he gasped softly, opening his lips in a silent cry....

Spock claimed him again. The long fingers entwined in his hair, drawing him up for a long kiss which never seemed to end. Kirk couldn't breathe, but drowning this way felt right. Drowning in a sea of pine-scented flesh. In a forest stream that licked his senses until he was drunk. Spock teased him endlessly. The green serpent tongue mapped new paths on the human, tracing the shell of his ears, the curve of his throat, sampling each pink nipple as Kirk writhed helplessly under his touch.

The human felt himself falling down a deep well with no end. He was falling forever. Tumbling, spiralling downward, borne upward on currents and eddies in the flow, then cast down by a dark, unseen power. He was vaguely aware of Spock chanting some ancient words in his ear, of the hot breath bathing his neck. He opened his eyes again and caught his own image in a mirror by the head of the bed...and the reflection of his own situation. Held. In the Vulcan's arms. In the Vulcan's power. Where he wanted to be. Forever and always. Before he couldn't have admitted that. Now he could.

Kirk slid down in the bed until he rested flat between Spock's legs, then took the protruding tower of green flesh into his mouth, tasting the bittersweet flavor as if for the first time. It filled his senses, intoxicating him. Spock arched his hips in rhythm, his hands drawing the golden head down again and again, flowing to the sensation of the reverent mouth paying tribute to his cock.

When he could bear it no longer, Spock moved away from the human and eased himself down between the parted thighs which opened further in anticipation. He knelt between Kirk's legs, then bent to bite the firm buttocks each in turn. Kirk moaned and writhed under his mouth, raising his ass to the sweetly painful assault. Kirk felt the Vulcan's lips, teeth, leave him, felt the hot hands part his cheeks, hold him open.

"Spock...?" Such a beautiful word.

"Yes." It was all the Vulcan said as he let his cock slide home, sinking deep into the cool temple of human flesh. He ignored Kirk's initial gasp of pain as his hands encircled the trembling body, strong fingers enticing the nipples, then moving down to grasp the throbbing cock. He coaxed it, caressed it, gentle and rough, until Kirk began to move under him, hips thrusting back against Spock's own thrusts, wanting deeper and deeper impalement.

Then Spock demanded dominance in a way he had done only once before...that fateful night when they had struggled in the blazing heat of mating. When the golden animal had fought the dark. He slid one hand up the human's back, letting it come to rest on the side of Kirk's neck, then pressed in gently. Not the touch to summon sleep. But the touch to bring the ultimate submission.

Kirk went taut for a moment, whispered a curse, then slumped in the Vulcan's arms. He couldn't move, could no longer meet the Vulcan's thrusts. He was totally at the mercy of this dark soul-beast as he had been the first time. He hated it...and loved it. It was the ultimate conquest and the ultimate release.

Spock began to tease him, each thrust lasting an eternity. Pulling out until only the head of the serpent cock remained, then striking again. Kirk moaned helplessly. His eyes were open, staring at the scene surrounding him in the mirrors. His mind opened by the demon mounting him. He moaned again as he felt the Vulcan's entwining arm tighten its grip, the lashing hips quicken their rhythm.

Kirk could not move of his own volition, but he moved with the power of Spock's thrusts. All his movements dissolved into Spock's, his body flying on the Vulcan's wild strokes until it seemed they were only one being, in perfect harmony, perfect union with itself. It was pure freedom, a freedom he could have only by surrendering himself. He went with it, feeling a sob, a cry building in his throat. He felt the tightening of Spock's body, the Vulcan's climax building simultaneously with his own. Felt the Vulcan's mind plunging deeply within him.

"Spock...?" Such a powerful word.

"In the darkness..." the Vulcan gasped, "I come to claim thy soul and thy life for all time." Ancient words. Bonding words. Heard in the mind as well as the air.

"Yes," he whispered. "Yes, Spock...yes...."